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## The Origin of Ideas.

AN ESSAY—BY M. B. B.

[CONCLUDED.]

### 7.—LOCKE'S THEORY.

Locke may be considered as the father of modern *Sensism*; for, although the foundation of this system was laid in the theory of Aristotle, yet that philosopher did not really teach the doctrine of sensism, since he attributed to man an "active intellect" (intelligence,) which he declared to be a communication of the divine understanding, by which man, reasoning upon the data of the senses, rises to a knowledge of the universal and the necessary. Locke, on the contrary, admits only sensation and reflection, (consciousness) as the sources of all knowledge, previous to the acquisition of which the mind was an absolute *blank*. But we will give his doctrine in his own words.

In his "Essay on the Human Understanding," Book II, Chap. i, sec. 2, 3 and 4, he thus expresses his doctrine of ideas: "Let us then suppose the mind to be, as we say, white paper, void of all characters, without any ideas; how comes it to be furnished? \* \* \* Whence has it all the materials of reason and knowledge? To this I answer, in one word, from experience; in that all our knowledge is founded, and from that it ultimately derives itself. Our observation, employed either about external sensible objects, or about the internal operations of our minds, perceived and reflected upon by ourselves, [I should like to know how we are able to perceive and reflect upon them without previous ideas?] is that which supplies our understandings with all the materials of thinking. These two are the fountains of knowledge, from whence all the ideas we have, or can naturally have, do spring.

"First, our senses, conversant about particular sensible objects, do convey into the mind several distinct perceptions of things, according to those various ways wherein those objects do affect them; and thus we come by those ideas we have, of yellow, white, heat, cold, soft, hard, bitter, sweet, and all those which we call sensible qualities, which, when I say the senses convey into the mind, I mean they, from external objects, convey into the mind what produces there those perceptions. This great source of most of the ideas we have, depending wholly upon the senses, and derived by them to the understanding, I call *sensation*.

"Secondly, the other fountain, from which experience furnisheth the understanding with ideas, is the perception of the operations of our own mind within us, as it is employed about the ideas it has got; which operations, when the soul comes to reflect on and consider, do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas, which could not be had from things without, and such are: perception, thinking, doubting, believing, reasoning, knowing, willing, and all the different actings of our own minds, which, we being conscious of, and observing in ourselves, do from these receive into our understandings as distinct ideas as we do

from bodies affecting our senses. This source of ideas every man has wholly in himself; and though it be not sense, as having nothing to do with external objects, yet it is very like it, and might properly enough be called internal sense. But as I call the other sensation, so I call this *reflection*; the ideas which it affords being such only as the mind gets by reflecting on its own operations within itself. By reflection, then, in the following parts of this discourse, I would be understood to mean that notice which the mind takes of its own operations, and the manner of them—(consciousness); by reason whereof there come to be ideas of these operations in the understanding." [How do these ideas come to be in the understanding? by a simple act of consciousness, and without any other criterion? Locke does not and cannot say in any satisfactory manner.] He continues: "These two, I say, viz., external material objects, as the objects of sensation; and the operations of our own minds within, as the objects of reflection; are to me the only originals from whence all our ideas take their beginnings. The term *operations* here, I use in a large sense, as comprehending not barely the actions of the mind about its ideas, but some sort of passions arising sometimes from them, such as the satisfaction or uneasiness arising from any thought."

Thus speaks John Locke; and multitudes, captivated by the novelty of his theory, and the easy simplicity which it—at first sight—appears to the unreflecting mind to possess, clap their hands in applause. But a little reflection and investigation will unveil the absurdity on which it is based. Locke attempts to maintain his theory, and uses as one of his strong arguments, the fact that the infant just born has no consciousness of possessing any ideas whatever, and gives no external manifestation by which we can judge that it has such ideas. This is truly childish. Did anyone ever see an infant just born seize an axe and chop down a large tree? Did any one ever see such an infant build a steam engine, or hurl a heavy object from it? We think not. But will any man of sound mind conclude from this that an infant just born has no bones or muscles? no elements of physical strength, because he has not seen that infant do these things? Again we think not. However, it is just as unreasonable to conclude, from the fact that an infant gives no positive evidence of ideas, that that infant does not possess in his soul the primary ideas, the elements of future knowledge, as to conclude from the fact that it has never yet chopped down a tree, that it does not possess the elements of the physical strength to do so in the future. The cat, the dog, the horse, and other animals give no signs on their first appearance in the world by which we can judge that they have any rational ideas, and they *never* do. Man does. But the cat, the dog, etc., have a soul; they are capable of sense perceptions; they have sensations; they distinguish between objects—a dog knows his master from all other men; they have a consciousness of their perceptions; for they, especially the dog, clearly manifest joy and recognition at the return of their master after a long absence; so that the dog, the horse, etc., actually have all

the sources of knowledge which Locke grants to the human mind. Now why do not these animals study philosophy, and reason on the nature of the soul, the existence of God, and the essences of things? "Ah!" you say, "it is not in the nature of these animal souls to reason thus." But why? They have sensation and consciousness, the two great sources of knowledge, and hence ought to be able to do so? But really this is too absurd, and yet it is a logical consequence of Locke's famous doctrine. No, the mere animal does not reason on realities, because it has no intelligence; man does so reason, because he *has* intelligence; intelligence is not based on sensation and consciousness, otherwise the animal soul would be intelligent, but on those innate ideas of primary truths and principles, which exist by nature in the human soul and serve as a standard of judgment and reasoning. This we have, in our opinion, more than sufficiently established already.

With what justice we style Locke the father of modern sensism will be evident if we remember that his *reflection*, which he explains to be mere consciousness, is not an intelligent power, but simply that by which the mind takes notice of internal facts and phenomena. Now as there are no internal facts of which the mind can take notice, except what are produced by experience, and as consciousness is not a faculty of experience, but a mere sentinel, so to speak, which notifies the mind of the actual presence of some phenomenon or fact, the only real source of experience is *sensation*; but sensation being dependent upon the senses, it follows that all our knowledge, of what class soever, should come through the senses as the only and therefore as the producing cause. Hence the very operations of the soul itself, as those of thinking, doubting, willing, etc., having no other source, should arise from sensation and consequently from the senses.

Such is the legitimate development of Locke's theory, logically carried out, and such is really the development given to it by Condillac, the leader of those who teach not only implicitly but explicitly the doctrine of pure and simple sensism. Of this purely sense theory we shall say nothing, as it is too absurd to merit any consideration whatever.

### 8.—LEIBNITZ' THEORY.

Although our essay already exceeds the proportions which we, at its inception, proposed to give it, we still cannot refrain from citing the theory of Leibnitz, as being a clear, full, and, in our judgment, an irresistible defense of the doctrine of innate ideas, which we also hold. The views of this celebrated philosopher cannot be better expressed than in his own words, and hence we will be pardoned for introducing a rather lengthy quotation from his *Nouv. Essais sur l'Entend. Humain*, which we translate for the benefit of those who may not be familiar with the French language. He thus explains his theory:

"Our differences (with Locke) are upon objects of some importance. The question is, whether the soul is in itself entirely blank, as a sheet on which there is nothing written (a blank tablet), as accord-

ing to Aristotle and the author of the 'Essay' (Locke), and whether all that is traced upon it comes solely from the senses and from experience, or whether the soul contains originally the principles of many notions and truths which external objects simply excite, (that is, bring to consciousness) when suitable occasions present themselves, as I hold with Plato, and even with the School, and with all those who accept in this signification the passage of St. Paul, (*Rom. ii, 15*), in which he declares that the law of God is written in their (the Gentiles') hearts. \* \* \* \* \* The senses, although necessary to all our actual knowledge, are not sufficient to give us all, for the senses never give but examples, that is to say, particular and individual truths. But, all the examples which confirm a general truth, however great their number, are not sufficient to establish the universal necessity of that same truth. \* \* \* Whence it appears that necessary truths, such as are found in pure mathematics, and particularly in Arithmetic and Geometry, should be based on principles whose proof does not depend on examples, and, consequently, not on the testimony of the senses, although without the senses we would never be led to think of them. \* \* \* Moreover, Logic, with Metaphysics and Ethics, \* \* \* are full of such truths, and consequently their proof can come only from internal principles, which we call innate. True, it should not be imagined that we can read these eternal laws of the reason in the soul as in an open book, as the edict of a prince may be read upon the parchment without trouble or research; but it is enough that we can discover them in ourselves by the aid of attention, to which the senses give occasion. \* \* \* This being the case, can we deny that there is much innate in our souls, since we are, so to speak, innate in ourselves? and that there is in us, *being, unity, duration, change, action, perception, pleasure*, and a thousand other objects of our intellectual ideas? These same objects being immediate and always present to our understanding (although they may not always be perceived, because of our distraction and duties), why be astonished at our saying that these ideas are innate, with all that depends upon this affirmation?" Referring to a previous part of his Essay, he says: "I have used the comparison of a block of marble which has veins, rather than of a block of one color, or of blank tablets; \* \* \* for if the soul resembled a blank tablet, truth would be in us as the form of Hercules is in a piece of marble, while that piece of marble is entirely indifferent to receiving either that form or some other. But if there are veins in the block which mark the form of Hercules rather than other forms, that block will be, by the very fact, more determinate, and Hercules—that is his form—will be, in a manner, innate in it; although there will be need of labor to discover these veins, and to brighten them by polishing, removing whatever prevents them from appearing. It is thus that ideas of truths are innate in us, even as our inclinations, dispositions, habitudes or natural virtualities, and not as actions, (*actualities*), although virtualities are always accompanied with some actualities, frequently insensible, which correspond to them."

From this quotation it is evident that Leibnitz maintains the doctrine of innate ideas, and his defence is so clear and ingenious that it needs no comment. However, we must call attention to one point in his illustrative comparison, which is rather implied than expressed, and hence may not be seen by all. He says that the block of marble which is all of one color is utterly indifferent to receiving this or that form; so is the blank page thus indifferent; these two facts are self-evident. Now, Leibnitz implicitly tells us that if the mind be like a blank page, or a block of marble all of one color, it too would be indifferent to receiving this or that impression. This is important; for, in that case,—supposing the thing at all possible,—

the mind would receive truth and falsehood indifferently, and hence could have no certain knowledge of truth. With this we leave the theory or rather explanation of Leibnitz to its own merits, fully satisfied that it can suffer nothing from the severest scrutiny.

#### OTHER SYSTEMS.

Besides the three principal theories comprised in the preceding review of particular systems, viz., that of innate ideas, of intuition and of sense knowledge, there are several others, some of which are indeed peculiar, but so extravagant, so utterly void of foundation in truth, that we deem it a waste of time and paper to institute any inquiry into them. Others are based upon one or other of the three theories above given, but pushed beyond their logical development; while others still are peculiar—not altogether absurd, and yet not sufficiently plausible to have gained adherents. As examples of the first class we may mention the idealism of Berkeley, who claims that ideas are the only realities; and the scepticism of Hume, who denies the certainty of all knowledge. Of the second class we may mention the theory of Condillac, who denies all rational ideas and admits only those which are derived from the senses; and that of Cabanis, who attempts to materialize ideas by supposing the mind itself to be material. Of the third class we may note the traditionalism of De Bonald, who supposes that a knowledge of primary and intellectual truths was communicated directly by the Creator to the first man, and by him transmitted orally to his posterity, whence he concludes that language is the only source of our ideas; also the *sentimentalism* of Laromiguière, who claims that ideas are not actual representations of things as they are, but mere sentiments of the soul.

We might add here, by way of complement, a notice of the systems of Kant and Rosmini. The former rejected the term idea as the expression of the innate principle, and taught that there are innate *forms* in the mind which the reason applies to that shapeless something which comes to us through the senses, and thus constitutes that something an *idea*. Hence, according to him, all ideas, properly so called, are acquired by the aid of those innate forms. This theory evidently differs only in words from the system of innate ideas; for had Kant made the distinction, which we indicated in the beginning of this essay, between idea and concept, he would have called that "shapeless something" a *concept*, and the innate "form" by which it is determined an *idea*, and thus he would have taught in words as well as in reality the doctrine of innate ideas. The latter, Rosmini, expressly maintained the doctrine of innate ideas, but endeavored to reduce all ideas to the one idea of being simply, *esse simpliciter*, whence his theory might be styled that of the innate idea. On this system we are not prepared to express any decided view. We know that the idea of being (of the *esse*), is the principal idea which we possess; for *being* is an essential element of every thing that is, and hence the idea of being must necessarily be found in every idea which exists in the mind; but whether this idea of being is the *sole* essence of every idea (as would necessarily be the case if we suppose it to be the only real idea), we are not prepared to say. We cannot, indeed, see the possibility of this reduction of all ideas to one, on account of the great variety and obvious distinctness of our ideas, yet we see no impossibility in the case, that is, no contradiction in supposing such a reduction. In this state of the question, therefore, and while we have no decided views on the point, we shall content ourselves with the reflection that, whether such a reduction be possible or not, Rosmini agrees with us in attributing to the mind a natural innate standard, by which it measures its perceptions and reduces them to actual facts of knowledge.

With this we close our review of the theories invented to solve the question of the origin of ideas, fully satisfied that we have given a fair exposition of the theories themselves and of the particular explanation of the individual supporters of each, and, further, that our comments upon them are logically just. It remains for us to sum up briefly the results of our labor.

First, there are but three principal theories which have gained any considerable number of adherents, viz.: (1) that of innate ideas; (2) that of sense perception as the source of knowledge; (3) that of the intuition of truth in God. Secondly, we have, in our own judgment at least, fully established the theory of innate ideas as the true theory, and furnished a sufficient groundwork for solving all the difficulties which may be proposed against it. Thirdly, we have shown that the theory of sense perception, on the one hand, cannot possibly account for the acquisition of real knowledge, and, on the other, that it leads to the most absurd consequences; therefore, that it cannot be true. Fourthly, we have shown that, although the theory of intuition might account for our actual knowledge if it could itself be established, still that we have not sufficient grounds for accepting that theory; on the contrary, that we have very strong reasons for rejecting intuition as the source of our actual knowledge in the present life, and, therefore, although very plausible, it cannot be maintained as a sufficient explanation of the origin of our ideas. Fifthly, that the other theories of traditionalism and sentimentalism, which in themselves are not altogether absurd, nevertheless, for want of defenders, and especially for want of sufficient grounds of defence, are untenable. Sixthly, that there are other theories which merit no consideration, inasmuch as they are evidently absurd and opposed to common sense.

Therefore we conclude that as the theory of innate ideas is the only system which at once fully accounts for the origin of our knowledge and is capable of a satisfactory defence, it alone is the true theory of ideas, however plausible other theories may appear, or however great the names of those whom they may claim as their defenders; and with this conclusion, founded upon the reasons already given, and fully according with our personal conviction, we give our unpretending essay to the public. If accepted, we shall feel gratified; if not,—well we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of having explained our views, and done our little mite towards giving our readers a comprehensive view of an important question.

#### Vicious Cartooning.

"Oh, Mr. —, you have brought home another of those horrid picture papers!"

"Why, my dear, the children like to look at them, if you do not."

"But I don't want our children to look at such things—for they debase both their taste and their moral sense."

The above brief dialogue transpired in one of our mansions of wealth the other day; and we venture to say that the reader at once assents to the truth of the wife's remark, and awards her unquestioned superiority over her husband in the divine instincts of parental love and good taste. For it seems impossible that any person of genuine culture, or whose imagination has not become utterly debased by too long a familiarity with the indecencies of our pictorial literature, should fail to be impressed with the justice of the wife's protest against the poisoning of her children's minds with such brutalities. What father would allow his children to visit a dog-fight, or a cock-fight, or go to a spot where it was rumored an assassination was to take place? But he will carelessly bring home to his children half a dozen picture papers in which the details of all these brutalities

and crimes are portrayed with disgusting exactness. It has long been acknowledged that the public execution of criminals was a great source of depravement of public morals, and hence such events are, by law, restricted to private places; but still, the next day after the judicial death, all its horrid details, even to a picture of the gallows on which the wretch was strangled, are given to the people with appalling minuteness. In this way all the precautions which experience has proved necessary for the preservation of public morals are set aside by the recklessness of the press.

Recently one of our city pictorials spread before the eyes of the children of the country an attempted picture of the gaping wounds inflicted by Stokes upon the body of Col. Fisk. It is safe to say that any child who has grown so familiar with such sights as not to regard them with sickening disgust, is already half educated to the crime of assassination himself.

But the extent to which newspaper cartooning has carried literary indecency in this country eclipses everything the world has known of the violation of the rules of propriety and good taste. The legitimate sphere of such cartooning is *satire*; and as a means of ridiculing the vices of mankind, or of exposing the follies of parties, it is a powerful weapon. But when it degenerates into a stream which rolls down nothing but dirt, it ceases to be *satire*, and is only indecency and abuse. When cartooning is but *scandal-mongering*, it ceases to possess any of the honorable attributes of *satire*, or to deserve anything but the contempt of the refined and judicious portion of society. It is but a few weeks since a leading American pictorial cartooned the Pope as an *alligator*, and several clergymen, distinguished for the charity and purity of their private life, were held up to ridicule in a most offensive manner. The value and strength of many very clever and pungent cartoons which have appeared in the same journal are not to be questioned. But caricature which tends to expose any minister of the Gospel, or honorable citizen to public odium merely on the ground of conscientious differences of faith, is injurious instead of beneficial to the highest interests of society. Such a blow falls upon all religion and upon the common amenities of social life. Its appeals are not to the godlike and beautiful in man, but to the coarse, the brutal and the profane.

Among the poets of Greece and Rome, even hundreds of years before the Christian era, *satire* was allowed no such privilege of coarse injustice. Its object ever was to eradicate vice by dispelling the prejudice and ignorance which corrode the human mind. It sought to make mankind ashamed of their vices. This was especially the object of the greatest of the Greek satirists, Lucian, whose truly attic wit polished the shafts of ridicule which he aimed at the follies of mankind, and rendered his works of striking value to the morality of every age.

This was pre-eminently the case with the greatest of the Roman satirists, Horace, whose satires were the purifiers of the passions, and the refiners of the imagination, rather than the corroders of public morals.

Even Juvenal, the most austere, pitiless and unscrupulous of all ancient satiric poets, aimed only at the improvement of man, by lampooning the vices out of him; and he would have scorned to impose upon the world such coarse caricatures of humanity as are the delight of our modern cartoonists.

True caricature is born of the spirit of mirth, which sees folly and yet treats it kindly—which sees sin, and deals with the sinner severely, yet mercifully. H. B., the most brilliant political caricaturist of England, never in a single instance violated good taste. Although few of us can bear to be laughed at, his matchless pencil wounded no

feeling, his art never rankled. George Cruikshank dealt powerfully and trenchantly with vices, but he never misrepresented men. Leech and Doyle, while they hit folly as it flew, dealt with the topics of the day in a manner that made the public sympathize with the caricatured while they laughed at the caricaturist's wit and genial humor.

"Satire, like a polished razor keen,  
Wounds with a touch scarcely felt or seen."

Some of our cartoons are conceived in a spirit of true art, and executed with a masterly hand. They perform public service, and as fast as the true knowledge and genuine love of art prevail among the masses of our countrymen, all this vicious cartooning will disappear, even as the darkness and coarseness of barbarism yield to the pervading and refining lights of civilization. For, if art is the great civilizer of nations, civilization returns the blessing, and becomes the great refiner of art.—*N. Y. Fine Arts.*

### O'Connell and Mrs. Moriarty.

[The following, though somewhat old, may still have escaped the notice of many of our readers, and hence we republish it in the hope that it may afford them an opportunity for a good laugh:]

One of the drollest scenes of vituperation that O'Connell ever figured in, took place in the early part of his life. There was at that time in Dublin, a certain woman, Biddy Moriarty, who had a huckster's stall on one of the quays, nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a virago of the first order, very able with her fist and still more formidable with her tongue.

O'Connell commenced the attack.

"What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. Moriarty?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt—so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking stick; whew! why, you're no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Two pence, your grandmother," replied Miss Biddy; "do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jack-anapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cried O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest, as I'm a gentleman—"

"Jintleman! Jintleman! the likes of you a Jintleman! Whisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough of common Christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy, now—easy, now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor; "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallel-gram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a *parallel-gram*; and a Dublin judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare an nouns! oh, holy Biddy! that an

honest woman like me should be called a *parry-bellygrums*, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking blaggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" returned O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypothénuse* in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you b—y robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief!"

"Why, sure all your neighbors know very well that you keep not only a *hypothénuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a Jintleman. May the d—l fly away with you, micher from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts!"

"Ah! you cannot deny the charge, you miserable *submultiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I'll pitch you, you blustering intersection of a st—ng superficies!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I'll—" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys; there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *collararies*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilinear antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the d—l will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

### Thespian Banquet.

MR. EDITOR: I was very much surprised at seeing nothing in your last issue concerning the "good time" the Thespians had at Mr. Chirhart's, last Wednesday week. As an invited guest, allow me to express the extreme gratification afforded both to myself and others by this social entertainment. I will not describe the delicacies afforded by the hospitable board, because all who know the obliging and energetic character of the host and hostess can readily picture to themselves the rare confections, the excellent preserved fruits, the hearty solids, and the daintily served accessories to the feast. I find it still more difficult to narrate the social joys which preceded and followed this luxurious banquet—the throwing of the *discus*—the more modern exercise of sharp-shooting—the invocation of the muses, resulting in both lyric and saltatory inspirations—the oratorical and logical displays which diversified these recreations, the whole being toned down and harmonized by a judicious use of that classic beverage whose origin Tacitus attributes to the ancient Germans, and the Germans themselves to the worthy monarch Gambrinus. But I cannot conclude without acknowledging how much of the success of this entertainment was due to the whole-souled director of the Thespians, Mr. F. C. Bigelow; or without expressing the general satisfaction afforded by the *complaisance* of our amiable hostess, Mrs. Chirhart, in singing that fine piece, "Bird of Beauty," for the entertainment of the company. Mr. Editor, I have the honor to be

Yours ever to command, S.

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GRAND Pic-nic—When?

THE fountain is painting.

PHILOPATRIANS are active.

HUZZAH for the jolly Juniors!

CLOCK-TICKING is not conducive to sleep.

WE have not seen the Doctor for several days.

MOOT Court in session. Jury has not yet retired.

OUR boat is on the shore and our bark goes up to C.

THE Photographing will begin about the first of June.

THE willows and lilacs are the first to leaf this spring.

THE St. Eds intend to have a public debate this month.

EIGHT weeks from next Wednesday, Commencement Day.

THE Devotions of the Month of May began on Tuesday evening.

THANKS to our representative, Gen. Packard, for various public documents.

A NEW Commercial Diploma on parchment paper will be prepared for all fortunate enough to deserve them.

FORTY-FOUR horses are attended to by Bro. Columbanus, assisted by the men here and at St. Joseph's farm.

A PLAY is in preparation by the Philomatheans. We have not yet seen it, but judging from the author, it will be a success.

BRO. DIONYSIUS has forty cows in the shed, which gives fair promise for plenty of ice-cream. The ice-house, too, is all right.

WE return our thanks to Very Rev. Father Ferdinando Pietro Baptista for the *Osservatore Romano* and other papers sent us by him from Rome.

VERY REV. FATHER SUPERIOR GENERAL left Notre Dame for a short visit to Watertown, Wisconsin. We herewith send our greetings to Rev. Fathers Cooney and Lauth, who for some months have been residing there.

OUR Mailers are as neat and tidy a set of young lads as you could wish to see, and they do their duty well. Georgie is A No. 1 at carrying our mail; always punctual, in fine or rainy weather, and the most gentlemanly little fellow we have yet had to bring us our letters and papers from the postoffice. Most gentlemanly and obliging we say with intent, though we have had, in months gone by, Joe and other good boys to bring our mail. Mark and others, whose names we do not now recall, are expeditious in folding, and do not spoil any papers by bungling handling,—and that is saying much—a perfect eulogy!

THE Minims are as busy as bees in a hive. It is a pleasure to see the youngsters enjoying themselves to the uttermost extent of base-ball, and other bawling still more conducive than base-ball to the refreshment and invigoration of the lungs. We know of only one place wherein the loud clamor and diapasonic shrieks of the Minims at play can be rivalled. We do not mention the vociferousness of the Minims at play in blame or in sorrow,—by no means, on the contrary, quite the reverse. As long as such healthy sounds issue from their lips there is no danger of consumption, except at the table. If they do half as well at their studies as they do at play, their good teachers must be well pleased with them.

## Visit of the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne.

Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger gladdened the hearts of those of his flock who reside in this part of his diocese, by making his first visit here this week. He arrived on Wednesday evening altogether unexpectedly, which defrauded the Students of the privilege of giving him a public reception. As soon, however, as it was known that "the Bishop had come," the Faculty and Students assembled to welcome him. After supper, at the exercises of the Month of May, the Right Rev. Bishop delivered a short but impressive sermon. Next day, after seeing in a cursory manner the chief objects of interest at Notre Dame, the Right Rev. Bishop, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Provincial, went to St. Mary's and spent some time in that institution. On his return to the College he met Very Rev. Father General, who had just arrived from Watertown, and remained until Friday morning. All were charmed with the visit of the Right Rev. Bishop and look forward with pleasant anticipations to the next, which all hope he will soon make and remain for a much longer while.

WE hope the proper authorities will offer a suitable reward to all who, with shot-gun, musket, rifle, cannon, rocks, or by any means whatsoever, shall rid us of those freebooting, pestering blackbirds. They drive away all the pretty warblers of the grove, and make the grove a squalling wilderness. If we could heave a stone with precision and velocity, and if we had had a stone within reach, we would certainly have fractured the bones of one blackbird yesterday. We had been for some time watching a thrush on the limb of a tree, and listening to the rich, melodious voice that poured forth more arias than any *prima donna* ever did or could, when we noticed a mean, sneaking, treacherous blackbird furtively hopping from branch to branch of some dark cedar trees, keeping himself concealed from the singer until he reached a branch considerably higher than the one on which the singer sat, and then he pounced down on the thrush, which did a good job of dodging, seeming to be accustomed to such attacks, and flew off to another tree, while the hypocritical blackbird lighted on the branch with the squawk of victory issuing from his crooked bill; and the wretched thing seemed to congratulate himself, and call on others likewise to congratulate him, on the highly-virtuous action he had just performed—like Victor Emmanuel and his beslobberers in this country and Europe. We do not like the jay as a bird of song; yet we would tolerate them a few days if they would oust the blackbirds; just as we do not like the red-shirted, vulgar, blasphemous wretch of Caprera,—yet would we have no objection to see him "boost" the horde of harpies of Victor Emmanuel's government that are feeding on the vitals of the Italian people, and pluck them, root and branch from Rome. But as we place no reliance on the jays, we call upon the proper

authorities to "clean out" those blackbirds, and allow decent birds to take their place.

## On Spring.

In my ode upon Spring,  
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,  
Where I talked of "dew-drops from freshly-blown roses,"  
The nasty things\* made it "from freshly-blown noses."—*Moore.*

Spring is rather a trite subject for composition. Young ladies at Academies usually select it when the selection rests with themselves. Young gentlemen at Colleges, under the same circumstances, in about seven cases out of ten, make it their chosen subject. In the days when the Fourth Metropolitan Reader was in vogue, the sentence, "Old flies crawl out of their cracks," would be found in about nine out of every ten compositions on Spring, and six out of every nine would conclude with an allusion to the way in which Spring made its appearance at Heidelberg.

But, gentlemen, there are various kinds of springs besides Hepsidam. There are late springs and early springs, chalybeate springs and hand-springs, spring chickens and spring-bottomed pants. The last is the worst of all, my brethren. Spring is usually considered as one of the four seasons; and the four seasons are mustard, pepper, salt and vinegar. In Spring the powers of nature are mustered; the animal and vegetable kingdoms are put through a course of sprouts; the birds begin to sing, and all their notes are *billets-doux*; the trees begin to *leave out*—that is, they *omit* nothing that can contribute to the public weal—and among them the maple may be said to be, like G. Washington, "first in bloom, first in leaf, and first in the hearts (or in a region closely adjoining the heart, which it enters in the form of maple sugar) of his countrymen." Young ladies begin to play croquet, which is a game played with crowbars in the modified form of sledge-hammers, which are again modified into wooden mallets; but on the principles of philological derivation, they are none the less crowbars on that account. It may be here asked why the girls always play Crow-K and never Crow-J? The reason is because if they were to play Crow-J, the crows and jays united would keep up such a chattering that the girls could not hear themselves talk, and that would never do, you know.

Young gentlemen do now addict themselves unto base-ball. Like Domitian, they make catching flies their chief amusement. The only difference is that the young gentlemen in their exercises exhibit great pertinacity, while the Emperor Domitian was "purty nasty" himself.

We think we have now sufficiently elucidated our ideas on Spring. We have made a pretty good spring, although perhaps not equal to those of the "daring young man on the flying trapeze," or to that of a Cunard steamer when she "springs a leak" in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. But if this humble article excite but half the same consternation in the mind of the gentle reader, our labors will have been amply—nay, more than repaid.

S.

\* Printers' devils.

## Tables of Honor.

### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 26—R. J. Curran, H. Saylor, V. Bacca, T. O'Mahony, E. W. Barry, M. Keeley, E. Graves, T. Phillips, T. J. Murphy, M. Shiel.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 26—F. Arantz, J. McNally, E. Roberts, J. Spillard, E. Sheehan, J. Rumely, G. Gross, J. Quinlan, H. Hunt, J. Dore.

D. A. C., Sec.



We acknowledge the receipt of *The Osceola Outline*, printed in Hersey, Michigan, Delos A. Blodgett, proprietor, and edited by J. F. Radcliff. The *Outline* is a good country paper, full of local news, and patronized by Uncle Sam Shurtliff, who writes interesting letters about Michigan, and especially about the City Hall.

It was with much pleasure we were present at the banquet of the Sodality of the Holy Angels, in the dining room of the Scholasticate, last Wednesday, the first of May. The Rev. Fathers Granger, Carrier and Colovin were present as invited guests. The excellent Band of the College was in attendance; and while as honored guests of the Holy Angels they partook of the good things, not only did they regale the assembled company with some of their choicest *morceaux*, but, represented by the vocalists pertaining to their honorable body, they sang some of those old familiar airs in the chorus of which all boys, young and old, can and always do join.

Much praise is due to their energetic Director, Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., for the good taste in which everything was got up, and for the sociable and agreeable manner in which we spent the time. Success attend the Sodality of the Holy Angels!

### The Annual Festival of the Holy Angels' Sodality.

Of all the many Societies existing at Notre Dame, there is none so interesting and deserving of our highest praise as the Sodality of the Holy Angels. Its members are chosen exclusively from the Junior Department of the University, and to the honor of the Society be it said they have ever been conspicuous among the Students for gentlemanly behavior and general good conduct. It has been the custom in the Society for many years past to celebrate with festivity the Feast of the Apparition of the glorious Archangel Michael, one of the chief patrons of the Sodality. This feast is celebrated by the Church on the 8th day of May, but for many reasons was anticipated this year by the Sodality, and the first day of the Month of Mary was selected as the most appropriate for the celebration of the festival.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning the Sodality, with appropriate regalia and escorted by the University Band, marched in procession to the Scholasticate, which, on account of its beautiful groves, spacious grounds and retired position, seemed best adapted for a day's pleasure.

The pretty little monastic refectory, which was kindly placed at their disposal by Rev. Father Carrier, S.S.C., Director of the Scholasticate, was tastefully decorated with flags, evergreens, etc., and presented a really fine appearance. The decorations were arranged by Masters Hunt, Myers, Weldon, McCormick, McKinnon and others, who deserve great credit for their good taste. The tables were sumptuously laden with the choicest delicacies and most delicious fruits of the season, with an abundant supply of confections and tidbits. The morning was pleasantly spent in fishing, quoiting and other out-door sports. During the day the Band discoursed sweet music, to the delight of all present. At half-past twelve o'clock dinner was announced, and grace having been said by Rev. Father Granger, S.S.C., President of the Society, all sat down to one of the most sumptuous feasts it has ever been our pleasure, as an epicure, to attend. It is needless, perhaps, to remark that the good things prepared were fully appreciated by all.

Among the invited guests we noticed, besides the Rev. President of the Sodality, Rev. Fathers Carrier, S.S.C., Colovin, S.S.C., Lilly, S.S.C., and O'Connell, S.S.C.; Messrs. Tighe, S.S.C., Hudson, S.S.C., Baasan, Cunnea; Bros. Camillus, S.S.C.,

Leopold, S.S.C., Ferdinand, S.S.C., Emmanuel, S.S.C., the Editor of the *Scholastic*, and others. During the repast many compliments were elicited in favor of the committee who were charged with the responsible duty of preparing the banquet. Mr. Mahoney and his friends of the committee have proved themselves caterers of no ordinary ability. At the conclusion of the dinner, Master Herbert Hunt, Vice-President of the Society, arose and delivered a very pleasing little speech, substantially as follows: He remarked that one of the greatest of modern saints, St. Philip Neri, has said that we should let boys do what they wish, provided that they do not sin. With this sentiment the members of the Sodality heartily concur, in proof of which, it is a time-honored custom to celebrate, with song and good cheer, the feast of their heavenly patron, St. Michael. The young gentleman further remarked that they were all boys, that they did not like to see long faces, that gloom is unknown in Paradise, that in the heavenly Jerusalem all is peace and joy. Therefore he invited all to be boys again—just for the day.

Rev. Father Granger, S.S.C., after repeated calls arose and in a few pleasing remarks testified his pleasure in being again present at the reunion of the Holy Angels. He alluded to the many social gatherings of the Society, and to pleasant reminiscences of days gone by. Rev. Father Colovin, S.S.C., in his pleasing manner, thanked the Society for the compliment of numbering him among their honorary members: he had made it his duty to examine the end and aim of the Sodality, and was delighted to know that its members were dedicated especially to the service of the Altar; that it was their high privilege to assist the sacred ministers in the celebration of the August Sacrifice. He prayed that their lives might be such as to render them worthy to serve for all eternity at the throne of the Most High. Rev. Father Carrier, S.S.C., stated that he was wholly unprepared to speak, having been roused by the mention of his name from a deep scientific reverie in which he had tried in vain to classify the various productions of the vegetable and animal kingdoms which were arranged before him. He thanked the young gentlemen for their kindness in inviting him to their reunion, and complimented them on their sociability and success. After the speeches, the Director, Mr. Bigelow, S.S.C., called for a song, and several were excellently rendered by Prof. M. A. J. Biasen, Bros. Camillus, S.S.C., and Leopold, S.S.C., and Messrs. G. Riopelle and J. H. Gillespie. The evening was pleasantly spent in various amusements. The Band treated us to several choice selections of a classical nature. Some fine specimens of the funny tribe, now on exhibition at the Scholasticate, are the result of generous endeavors in the way of ichthyology by the amateur followers of Isaac Walton.

Romeo, Juliet, and our *purp*, partook of an extra lunch in honor of the day. About half after six o'clock all returned in high spirits to the college to welcome the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, whose arrival was announced by the vociferous tongue of the mammoth bell.

Benediction in the evening concluded the celebration of a day long to be remembered by the Sodality of the Holy Angels of 1872.

Vox.

### "Noble Latin—Ignoble English."

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: Please allow me to protest against the *ignoble* and unscholarly sentiment implied in these words, which I find in the last *Scholastic*. The Latin is indeed a noble tongue; but in all that is truly noble in speech the English yields to no language, living or dead. The excellence of a language is chiefly manifested in the excellence of its authors. Now there have been at

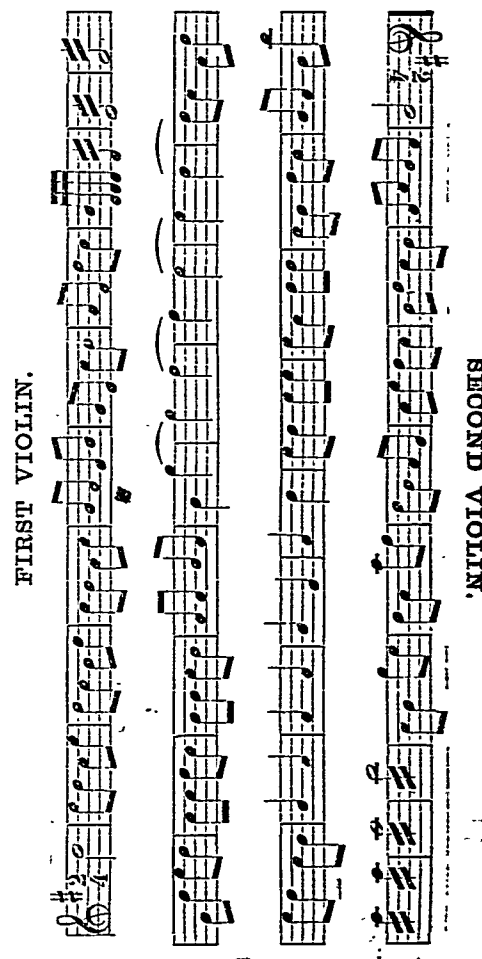
least four, some would say more, English poets, any one of whom was greater than either Horace or Virgil, the only Latin poets of the first rank; while Pitt, Fox and Burke, "the wondrous three," not only rival Cicero, but approach Demosthenes, to say nothing of the rest of the vast army of authors and orators who have made use of the noble "English undefiled."

That one cannot adequately translate a Latin poem into English proves nothing, except it be the inferiority of his own genius as compared with that of the original author; for it would be quite as difficult to translate an English poem into Latin, and yet no one would for that reason speak of "ignoble Latin and noble English," at least would not

SIMPLE SIMON.

### Duo Curioso.

A musical friend sent us the following singular composition, which he clipped from an old number of the *Musical Times*. It was written in Havana, by J. H. Helmsmüller. The performers must stand opposite to each other, with the music between them:



### Intemperance in America.

[From the Philomathean Standard.]

It seems strange that in this enlightened age such a degrading vice as intemperance should gain such a terrible ascendancy over a people as it has in this beautiful and otherwise happy land of ours. Visit any of our large cities, yes, or small ones either, and on the principal streets you will see that nearly every other house is a drinking establishment of some kind. Glance at the business records of the United States and observe the increasing number of distilleries; where but a few years ago scarcely one was to be found, now they may be counted in round numbers. Notice how many men have become immensely wealthy by their traffic in liquor. A man—aye! a murderer, for he who deals out liquor to the unfortunate victims of intemperance is no less—comes to some small vil-

lage with a few dollars in his pocket and begins saloon-keeping. After the lapse of one or two years observe this same man and note his altered circumstances; he is rich, with perhaps sufficient money to spend the rest of his life in ease and luxury. How has he so suddenly become wealthy? Ask yonder little shivering child why it is not clothed better and warmer, why it is not attending the village school? ask it why it has such a hungry look in its sunken, mournful eyes, and why it is wandering, seemingly homeless, about the streets in search of food? It can tell you how that man has become rich; and it can also tell you that its father was a drunkard, and is dead, leaving it nothing but an inheritance of infamy and shame. Follow this little one to the wretched hovel which it calls home, and look at that pale, haggard woman, feeble from hunger and pale from overwork and sickness. Ask her what cruel fortune placed her there?—why she has no fire on this bitter, bitter cold day?—why she is so miserably clad? Ask her where her husband is, the one of all others who should be near, and she can tell you that after spending everything in the grog shop, for drink, he now occupies a pauper's grave, and has left her in these dreadful circumstances.

This is the manner in which the saloon-keeper has become wealthy. He has taken the bread from this child's mouth; he has robbed this family of position, wealth and happiness; and lastly, he has murdered the protector and husband, and reduced the unfortunate wife to the lowest depths of poverty and want. Does it not seem natural to believe that this man's future life would be haunted by thoughts of all the wretched beings he had so foully wronged? Is it possible for him to enjoy his ill-gotten riches, or be happy? Every time he touches a dollar of his *blood* money, does it not scorch and burn his fingers, and hiss out at him, You are a murderer? What an infinite number of crimes has drinking caused! In almost any daily paper you can read an account of some poor wretch who is about to die on the scaffold for his misdeeds. In nearly every case, in the short speech which the murderer makes, with the rope around his neck, on the brink of an awful eternity, he will tell you that it was drink that led him to commit the crime for which he is about to suffer. Drink, that curse of the American people! How many loving mothers in America, who had sons, bright, talented youths in whom their all was centred, are to-day shedding tears of heart-rending agony over the graves of their loved ones—graves filled by drunkards? Language becomes inadequate for the task when we attempt to make it portray the intense suffering and grief of a mother who has followed her son—perhaps her only son—to a drunkard's grave. Should not the voice of every mother and wife in the entire land be raised against the liquor sellers? Is there no chivalry left amongst Americans that they will see ladies so badly treated, see them reduced from prosperity to wretchedness, and knowing the cause not endeavor to abolish it? The rising generations of Americans should shun the cup as they would a viper, for, in the lines of the poet,

"The poisonous venom withers youth,  
Blasts character, and health;  
All sink before it—hope, and truth,  
And comfort, joy, and wealth."

CHARLES J. DODGE.

SPOTTED THREE-TOAD, a Pi-Ute Indian, attempted to lasso the Pacific lightning express, and has gone to the happy hunting grounds.

THE Cleveland Leader says that the musician who put his lips to a brass horn on a recent cold day will not be able to let go until navigation opens.

EIGHT won't go into 6 and have much of ennything left over. Many a young feller has found out this sum in arithmetick by triking to git a number 8 foot into a number 6 boot.

## The University Nine.

MR. EDITOR: As this is the first time we have asked to inform our friends and the public in general of the name, object and aim of our organization, I trust the many readers of the SCHOLASTIC will pardon me if in doing this I may seem to speak somewhat at length. However, I will try to be brief.

The name is given above. Our object is two-fold. First, to do away with all rivalry in the Senior Department, which object could not be accomplished so long as two Clubs existed. Secondly, that a nine might be found which would be able, if not to regain the championship for the Senior Department, at least to play "the nine" of the other Department a close game, and thereby interest those who have the kindness to honor us with their presence; for there is no pleasure in witnessing a game which is "all on one side."

Our aim is championship, which, though we may fail to gain, we will not leave to others without a struggle.

The organization meeting of this nine took place Friday, April 26, 1872. Mr. Gambee was called to the chair; he stated the object of the meeting and read a constitution which had been prepared, and, after a few moments' discussion, was unanimously adopted.

The Directors of the two Senior Clubs are, *ipso facto*, Directors of this nine.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Directors—Bros. Irenæus and Marcellinus.

President—E. B. Gambee.

Secretary—J. W. Staley.

Treasurer—J. C. Howe.

Captain—E. C. Davis.

Officer of the Day—J. C. Howe.

The number of members is restricted to fourteen (14). And a person, in order to be eligible for membership, must belong to one of the Senior Clubs, from which he resigns after his election to membership of the University Nine.

One word upon our chances for championship: they are at best slim. It is true we have been victorious *once*, and, as the poet says,

"Juanita and Eastern Star  
Their united strength have shown,"

but it must be remembered that this was not a championship contest. We, indeed, would not be surprised in the least if in the coming games we were defeated.

With these few words of explanation, I remain,  
Mr. Editor, Yours truly,

J. W. S.

## Review of a Sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago.

The Chicago Daily News has furnished us with a historical sketch of the Catholic Church in Chicago, which would be most interesting if it were only a little more accurate; but in spite of those inaccuracies the writer of the article deserves our hearty thanks for digging out of failing memories these early reminiscences, the records of which had perished in the flames. Hence it is not through a spirit of criticism but for the sake of truth that we undertake to correct some of the most glaring errors. The introductory remarks are worthy of being remembered in history. "The memorable event," says he, "which added a new world to the crowns of Castile and Arragon, subjected another hemisphere to the authority and dominion of the Catholic Church. Side by side with the royal standard on which were emblazoned the arms of Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus reared the banner of the Cross; thus proclaiming a two-fold conquest—the temporal sovereignty of Spain, and the spiritual ascendancy of Rome. And in all subsequent explorations the Catholic monk followed in

the train of the European adventurer, and whenever one claimed political dominion by right of conquest or discovery, the other asserted the spiritual rights of the Church by the loftiest title, sealed by the victory won on the summit of Calvary. History has made us familiar with the resolution and audacity of the early adventurers, who sought fame and fortune in these hitherto unknown lands; and has rendered tardy, albeit imperfect, justice to the heroic missionaries, who were inspired by a loftier purpose, and coveted a far different, but more glorious reward. It is with the latter only that we have now to deal. The efforts of the Catholic Church to gain a foothold in the New World did not terminate with the voyages and expeditions of the early explorers. Her missionaries were in the fore front of every undertaking, and often were the pioneers of the most perilous voyages of discovery. The great Northwest especially enlisted their boldest efforts and most heroic partisans.

"And every river and cross-road of our own State attests to this day the marvellous zeal and indomitable courage of the Jesuit missionaries—of whom Fathers Allouez, Mambre, and Marquette were the *avant couriers*. These were of the first to penetrate the country of the 'Illinois' in the hope of winning new conquests to their faith."

The first priest who said Mass on the site where Chicago now stands was Father Marquette. In 1673 he accompanied as a missionary an expedition sent under Louis Joliet by the Governor of Canada, Fontenac, to explore the Mississippi. They came within two days' journey of New Orleans, and then they retraced their steps for fear of falling into the hands of the Spaniards. Father Marquette does not seem to have returned to Michillimac or Mackinaw, as the writer says, but stopped at Greenbay, where he was detained a full year by sickness. From there he sent to his superiors an account of his travels on the Mississippi; and in the month of October, 1674, he started again in company of two white men and several Indians to discharge a promise he had made of preaching the Gospel to the Kaskaskia tribes. Arrived at the present site of Chicago, he was unable to proceed on account of infirmities; he dismissed the Indians who accompanied him, and spent there the months of December, January, February and March, as if it were to consecrate 150 years beforehand the spot on which were to flourish so many religious institutions. The author of the sketch informs us that he celebrated the Holy Mysteries for the first time in that place on the first Sunday in November. Another historian would seem to say that he did not arrive there till the 14th of December. But these historical inaccuracies are trifling comparatively, to the statements which follow.

The writer tells us that previous "to 1843 Chicago and the entire State of Illinois was embraced within the jurisdiction of the see of Vincennes, Indiana," whereas a good part of it belonged to the diocese of St. Louis; and Father St. Cyr, who was in Chicago in 1835, remained there till the arrival of Father Bernard Shaefer in 1836, and built the first church in that city, was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of St. Louis, and was during that year recalled by his bishop. It is not true, therefore, that the first Catholic church in Chicago was erected by Father Shaefer, nor can his subsequent life be so much of a mystery, since he died in 1837, was buried in St. Mary's lot and afterwards his remains were transferred from the front of the church into the vault beneath the sanctuary.

We do not know at what time exactly Father O'Meara became pastor of Chicago, and how long he remained there, but it was long enough to create that difficulty for which Bishop Loras of Dubuque and Bishop Purcell of Cincinnati were called to Chicago. This, however, did not happen under the administration of Bishop Bruté, who

had been dead for two years, but under that of Bishop Hallandiere, and after the arrival of Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, whose "ministrations were marked by serious difficulties," not "with his ecclesiastical superiors" but with the people and his predecessor.

The difficulty originated in an evil against which the Bishops of America have justly struggled—the holding of Church property by the pastor or lay trustees. It is evident that it not only trammelled the Bishops in their administration, but also tied their hands whenever action was required. The removal of a clergyman, however necessary it might have been, was always attended with more or less difficulties, and often with scandal. It renewed in America, on a small scale, the war of investitures which troubled Europe for many centuries and might be regarded as one of the causes of the Reformation.

Father O'Meara had built a church on a lot which he had purchased in his own name, and hence arose those troubles which Bishop Loras and Bishop Purcell were called upon to settle in concert with Rev. Maurice de St. Palais. The latter took charge of the Chicago congregation in 1839, remained there till the arrival of Bishop Quarter in 1844, and may be called the founder of the Catholic Church in that city; for he purchased from Father O'Meara the lot which had created so many difficulties, the whole property on which St. Mary's Cathedral stood before the conflagration, the adjoining lot occupied by the Sisters, and an acre of ground on the north side of the river for a cemetery. This property was worth before the last fire not less than \$1,000,000 or \$1,500,000, and it is not presumptuous to assert that by these valuable acquisitions Bishop de St. Palais has established the finances of the Catholic Church in Chicago. The buildings, it is true, have been swept away by the fiery element, but the ground still remains, and has comparatively lost nothing of its value.

We expected to see a long paragraph devoted to the zealous missionary who had built St. Mary's and labored so hard for the establishment of Catholicity in Chicago, and when we saw that the history of his missionary toils had not only been curtailed by two or three years but also limited to three lines in a sketch of five or six columns, we were forcibly reminded of Rip Van Winkle's exclamation, "and are we so soon forgotten?" If the writer had dug a little deeper in the memory of the population of Chicago, he would certainly have found abundant fossils of the Right Reverend Prelate. He would not have made him pass on the scene as a transient shadow. "From the year 1840 to 1842," says he, "the Rev. Maurice St. Palais was in charge of affairs and was assisted by Francis Fischer." It is not true that Rev. Francis Fischer was the assistant of the present Bishop of Vincennes; he went to Chicago as pastor of the German congregation.

It was our intention to republish the whole sketch, but finding so many inaccuracies in the two first columns we have considered that no reliance could be placed in the statements which have been made. We hope that whilst memories are still fresh, the lost records will be supplied to connect the thread of the history of Catholicity in Chicago.—*Catholic Advocate*.

WILLIE P—, a little five year old, was playing with a honey-bee when the angry bee stung him. "Oh grandma!" cried Willie, "I did not know bees had splinters in their feet."

"BRETHREN," said Spurgeon in a recent sermon, "if God had referred the Ark to a committee on naval affairs in my opinion it would not have been built yet,

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }  
May 1, 1872. }

To all whom it may concern:

All mail matter intended for this Institution should be directed to "St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana." It is unnecessary to put "South Bend," as that is not our Post-Office. Were it not for the considerate kindness of the gentlemanly postmaster at South Bend, at least one fourth of the letters intended for St. Mary's would go to the Dead-Letter Office. Correspondents, please take note of this!

The return of Very Rev. Father General from the sunny South was the signal for a general recreation, which gave the pupils the pleasure of making botanical excursions and enjoying extra pony rides; for all are eager to show off their equestrian skill. Many very comical positions were assumed by the beginners in the art, to the great amusement of the initiated. There are many very graceful riders among the pupils, and those take some pride in displaying their skill and self-possession. None, however, are permitted to go unattended by some prudent, experienced person, to guard these young equestrians from all mishaps.

The first of May has come in gloriously. The Children of Mary celebrated it according to their rule; Holy Mass and a general Communion were offered for the deceased members of the Sodality.

Respectfully,  
STYLUS.

### ARRIVALS.

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Miss Margaret Busch, | Chicago, Illinois.   |
| Miss Rosa Klar,      | Chicago, Illinois.   |
| Miss Genevieve Hunt, | Marcellus, Michigan. |
| Miss Ella Parker,    | Muskegon, Michigan.  |
| Miss Minnie Hepp,    | Muskegon, Michigan.  |

### TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

April 29—Misses I. Wilder, M. Prince, M. Letourneau, M. Armsby, M. Brown, H. McMahon, N. Duggan, M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, J. Luce, L. Eutzler.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon, M. Tuberty.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, D. Green, C. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, R. Devoto, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, E. Dickerhoff, S. Addis, C. Craver.

First Preparatory—Misses M. McIntyre, A. St. Clair, L. Sutherland, A. Hamilton, N. Sullivan, C. Crevling, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Kelly, M. Layfield, N. Ball, L. James, A. Calvert.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Pinney, F. Taylor, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, B. Johnson, K. Casey, M. Addis, E. Crawford.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, N. Vigil, M. McNellis, L. Pease, A. Tucker, L. Harris.

First German—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, K. Zell.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, N. Ball, J. Millis.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, I. Wilder, L. McKinnon, A. Robson.

Plain Sewing—Misses A. Piatt, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, F. Butters, R. Spier, R. Devoto, C. Woods, I. Logan, M. Donahue, M. Layfield, M. Mooney,

H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Eutzler, M. Addis, S. Addis, K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, N. Vigil, M. McNellis, M. Brown.

### TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

April 30—Misses K. Follmer, M. Walsh, A. Noel, N. O'Meara, M. Booth, M. Carlin, T. Cronin, M. DeLong, E. Lappin.

### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke.

Third Senior—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney, E. Richardson.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, A. Walsh, A. Gollhardt, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. Wood, L. McKinnon, F. Munn, B. Quan, A. Burney, M. Reynolds.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, A. Gollhardt, L. Wood, M. Faxon.

Plain Sewing—Misses L. Niel, N. Gross, E. Horgan, L. McKinnon, M. Cummings, A. Burney.

## A Desperate Race.

Several years ago a convivial party met in the principal hotel of the capital of the old Buckeye State. Many were the stories and adventures told by the company. One man, in particular, had just finished a narrative which was regarded by his auditors as being a little more than marvellous, when a Senator, who happened to be one of the party, coolly remarked that the story just told was all very well, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure he himself had a few years before. Of course all were eager to hear the story, more especially because it was true, and the Senator prefaced his remarks by saying that what he was about to relate he would most solemnly proclaim to be the truth, except, of course, those matters therein stated on information and belief. The company, however, interrupted him, and insisted that he should "go on."

"Well, gentlemen, many years ago I came down the Ohio river, and settled near the present site of Cincinnati. It was very wild in that region then, for Cincinnati was only a small settlement, and the blasted redskins were almost as thick as trees in the forest. Well, to come at once to my adventure, I started off one morning pretty early to take a hunt, and travelled a long way down the river over the hills, but could not find bear or deer. About four o'clock in the afternoon I made tracks for home. By-and-bye I saw a buck just ahead of me, walking leisurely down to the river. I slipped up, with my faithful old dog close in my rear, to within clever shooting distance, and just as the buck stuck his nose down to drink, I drew a bead upon his top-knot, and over he tumbled, and kicked, and splurged awhile, when I came up and relieved him by cutting his throat."

"But what had that to do with an adventure?" they asked.

"A great deal, by Jove; for while I was busy skinning the hind-quarters of the buck and stowing away the kidney-fat in my hunting-shirt, I heard a noise, made, no doubt, by a moccasin. My dog also heard it, and started up to reconnoitre, and I lost no time in reloading my rifle. I had hardly got my priming out before my dog raised a howl and broke through the brush with his tail down, as he was not used to doing unless wolves or Indians were around. I picked up my knife and took up my line of march up the river. The frequent gullies on the lower bank made it tedious travelling there, so I scrambled up to the upper bank, which was pretty well covered with trees, without much underbrush. One peep be-

low satisfied me, for I saw three as big red rascals as you ever clapped your eyes on. Yes, they were not above six hundred yards in my rear."

"Well," said an old woodsman, who was sitting at the table, "you took a tree, of course."

"Did I? No, gentlemen! I took no tree, just then; but I took to my heels like sixty, and it was just as much as my old dog could do to keep up with me. I ran until the whoops of the redskins grew fainter and fainter behind me, and, clean out of wind, I ventured to look behind me, and there came one single red whelp, puffing and blowing, not three hundred yards in my rear. He had got on to a piece of land where trees were scarce and small. Now, thinks I, old fellow, I will have you. So I trotted off at a pace sufficient to let him gain on me, and when he had got just about near enough I wheeled and fired, and down I brought him, dead as a door-nail, at one hundred and twenty yards."

"Then you scalped him, I suppose," said the woodsman.

"Very clear of it, gentlemen; for by the time I got my rifle loaded, up came the other two redskins, shouting and whooping close on me, and away I broke again like a race-horse. I was now about five miles from the settlement, and it was getting toward sunset. I ran till my wind began to get pretty short, when I looked back, and there they came, snorting like buffaloes, and one about two or three hundred yards ahead of the other. So I acted 'possum again until the first Indian got pretty well up, and I wheeled and fired at the very moment he was drawing a bead on me. He fell heels over head into the dirt, and up came the last one."

"So you laid for him," gasped several.

"No," continued the Senator, "I did not lay for him; I had not time to load, so I ran. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung out of his mouth a quarter of a yard."

"Phew!" whistled somebody.

"A fact, gentlemen. Well, what was I to do? I did not know. Rifle empty, no big trees about and a murdering red Indian in my rear; and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, and there I should be pinned at last. Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root; down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up the Indian fired and the ball struck me under the shoulder; but that did not in any way impede my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite refreshed by my fall. I heard the redskin, close behind me, come dashing on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head or shoulders. Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots."

"Blood, eh! for the shot the varmint gin you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement.

"I thought so," said the Senator; "but what do you think it was? It was the melted deer fat which I had struck in the breast of my hunting-shirt, and the grease ran down my legs until my feet got so greasy that my heavy boots flew off and one hitting the dog knocked his brains out. I hope, gentlemen, no man here will presume to think I am exaggerating."

"Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my boots I put off with double-quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder, to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The redskin was coming—jogging along, pretty well blowed out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thinks I, here goes to load, anyhow. So at it I went. In went the powder, and putting on the patch, down went the ball half way, and off snapped my ramrod."

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the old woodsman, worked up to the top notch in the story.

"Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, pacing along, and loading up his rifle as he came. I jerked out the broken ramrod, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I ran, determined to turn and give the redskin a blast anyhow, as soon as I reached the creek. I was now within a hundred yards of the creek, and could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys; a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me; he gave a whoop and I raised my rifle; on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod and that my load was not half down. Another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled the trigger, and—

"Killed him?" chuckled one of the company.

"No, sir! I missed fire!"

"And the redskin?" shouted the woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement.

"FIRED AND KILLED ME!"

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| " " 12 40 a. m.              | " " 5 30 p. m.               |
| " " 8 50 p. m.               | " " 6 50 p. m.               |

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|                             |                              |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
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| " " 4 35 a. m.              | " " 7 20 a. m.               |
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